

**ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF
EVERY DAY LIFE.**

A NEW YORK Tribune contributor who spent some years at work in a powder mill describes an uncanny experience as follows: The last explosion that occurred during my experience as a

"I HAD an experience near Sweetwater, in Nolan County, Texas, about ten years ago," said Harry L. Eady of Wichita, Kan., as he sat in the rotunda of the Laclede House, St. Louis. "I was a cowboy in those days. I was riding alone from Buffalo Gap to Big Springs. The second night I was out I went into camp about an hour by sun. I staked out my horse at the base of a prairie mountain, and while hunting around for some fagots with which to make a fire, I ran across an opening in the hillsides. Upon investigation I found it was a cave. My curiosity got the best of me and I concluded that I would investigate it. I cocked both of my pistols and proceeded cautiously. Before I had entered ten feet in the cave I was attacked by an army of ferocious bats. I beat a hasty retreat, of course, but they followed me outside and flew at me from all sides, striking me in the face with their sharp-pointed wings and biting me on the hands and ears. I fought them as best I could and only frightened them away by firing off my pistol several times, and the flash of the powder had the effect of driving them back into their nest in the cave. Of course I moved my camp that night. The next day I met a sheep herder and related to him my strange experience. He then told me that a few months before a rancher living near Fort Concho was traveling in that vicinity and had met with a similar experience, only more serious than mine. He campeo close to the cave, aroused the bats and they beat his eyes out with their wings. He was picked up two days later wandering around over the prairies, by a party of emigrants. He had been made crazy from his terrible fight, and two years later I learned that he had died in the madhouse at Austin. I understand that the cave was blown up with dynamite about five years ago."

All the poetry and gun play has not yet been eliminated from life in the Far West. A Cheyenne paper tells of the killing of seven men in the vicinity of Lovington, Wyo., on one recent day.

A WEIRD and uncanny story comes from Fort Reno, in the Comanche Country, but its truth is said to be well vouched for. Some months ago the Kiowas and Comanches made a treaty with the Government through the medium of the Rev. Joshua Given, a full-blooded Kiowa, but an educated and ordained Presbyterian minister. Lately the Indians have become dissatisfied with the treaty, and lay the blame of its defects on Given. About three weeks ago several of their medicine men held a meeting, and after performing several mystic rites they produced a skin with a picture of Given drawn on it, and one of them shot an arrow through the breast of the picture. They then went through some more mysterious performances, and afterwards sent word to Given that after twelve days he would begin to bleed at the lungs, and that the hemorrhage would continue at intervals until his death followed. As the appointed time grew near Mr. Given was very much depressed, and when the time came was taken suddenly ill and had a violent hemorrhage. Several others have followed.

The young peasants of the government of Kiev, Russia, have a way of their own to avenge themselves for disappointed love. If one of them woo a girl and she refuses to accept him as her suitor, without explaining the reason why she rejected him, the fellow assembles all the young men of the village around her house. They bar the door and windows from without, so that no one can leave the house or enter it, and make a feckish noise the whole night through. This is sometimes repeated for a whole week in succession, and the girl and her folks are deprived of their liberty and their night's rest.

Of all the extraordinary scientific experiments, surely the most extraordinary is that reported by the London Times' correspondent as having been made at St. Petersburg. Some trials of spiritism were conducted in the presence of the

THE latest feat in spoon carving is reported from the capital city of Iowa, and was accomplished by S. E. Wilcox. He took a common Iowa souvenir spoon, one bearing the Iowa coat of arms on its handle, and wrote the whole of the Lord's Prayer in its bowl. Every letter and comma is in its proper place and can be easily read with the naked eye. A local paper in commenting on the feat says: "The general use of such spoons would make religious instruction more easy and greatly improve the spirituality of coffee and tea drinkers."

A RETURN of marriage made recently to the County Clerk put on record the first ceremony performed in Marion County, Indiana, by a woman. The bridegroom was John S. Harris, of Shelbyville, a carpenter, and Miss Sallie C. Haverstick, of Indianapolis, was the bride. Rev. Miss Minnie Thorne officiated at the ceremony.

In order to get duly married in popular Paris there are three formalities which tradition has made absolutely indispensable—going to the town hall for the civil marriage, going to church for the religious marriage, and going to the Bois. In closed carriages or in open landaus, in omnibuses or brenks drawn by three or four horses, according as the wedding is more or less distinguished, the party rides out to the Bois de Boulogne, makes the tour of the lakes, and halts at the Café de la Cascade or at the cheaper cafes outside the gates at Surresnes. The programme is invariable. While the coachmen take a drink, the cortege visits the cascade, that little artificial Switzerland which the genius of M. Alphand has concentrated within a space of two hundred square yards. The bride, the bridegroom, the bridesmaids, the groomsmen, the parents, and the guests climb up the steps and pass along the gallery under the cascade, whose waters form a liquid crystal curtain, through which is seen the magnificent panorama of the plain of Longchamps and the soft hills of Surresnes and Saint Cloud. Then follows further driving in the fine avenues of the Bois, the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and the boulevards, and so to the various restaurants of different grades that make a specialty of wedding feasts—Gillet, Lemardelay, Vefour, or the more modest restaurants of the environs and of the faubourgs. The table has a joyous aspect in all these establishments; it is laid with art and served with apparent abundance, whatever the price may be; and the wedding guests are joyous and noisy until order is called for the speeches and songs. In a popular Parisian wedding the bride has to sing her little song like the rest. The poet of the family recites some verses, and everybody has something to say, to sing, or to do, inasmuch that a wedding dinner is often merely a pretext for eloquence and amateur histrionics talent. —[Harper's Magazine]

SAUCE FOR PLUM PENDING.—Two table-spoonfuls of butter, one cup powdered sugar; half cup boiling water and wine-glassful brandy. Cream the butter and sugar, add the brandy and boiling water, and beat until very light. If you object to brandy you may substitute the juice of one large or two small lemons.

CRISPER SALAD.—Cut your celery into inch lengths, lay it in a bowl and put it on the ice until needed. After it is brought on the table pour over it a French dressing consisting of 1/2 cup talisman, 1/2 of oil, 1/2 of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a little teaspoonful of white sugar and 1/2 cup of soup. Turn it all over.

According to the Interstate Commerce Commission's annual report there were in the United States on June 30, 1891, 1,785 railway corporations, of which 880 were independent companies for the purpose of operation, and 747 were subsidiary companies the remainder being private lines. The report further shows that 16 roads have been abandoned during the year, and that 92 roads, representing a mileage of 10,116.25, have disappeared by purchase, merger or consolidation. The actual number of railway corporations in 1891 is less than the number which existed in 1890, notwithstanding the fact that a considerable number of new lines were chartered during the year. The tendency toward consolidation is clearly indicated by the report. On June 30, 1891, there were 42 companies, each of which controlled a mileage in excess of 1,000 miles, and nearly one-half of the mileage of the country is the property of those 42 companies. Another classification contained in the report shows that there are 80 railway companies, each of which has a gross revenue in excess of three millions of dollars.

THE Texas Commercial Traveller says "that those who have not travelled to any extent, or who have never handled foreign trade, evidently cannot appreciate the fact that Mexico constitutes a large part of the great North American continent. When we bear in mind that Mexico joins Texas, New Mexico and California, and is only separated from Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida by the Gulf, we must acknowledge that the Republic ought to be commercially allied to the United States. The truth is, we are too indifferent entirely in this matter. A few manufacturers of this country work hard to secure trade in Mexico, and most of them succeed. The majority, however, work in such a desultory manner—if they work at all in this direction—that they accomplish little or nothing. Mexico is a sister Republic, she is an important country commercially, and is anxious to trade with us. All she asks is fair treatment. When we show her that we regard her as an equal we get the bulk of her trade, and as long as we give her reason to make her think that we are so much better that we lower ourselves in offering to do business with her, just that long will we be shutting ourselves out of a good thing."

inary Review to be 252, this number being about one-eighth of the entire array of regular veterinarians to be found in this country within a comparatively recent period. These figures and a knowledge of the general success which has attended the establishment of such schools lead the review to argue in favor of the establishment of an American national board of examiners, with authority to confer the diploma of the "Veterinary College of America," which shall be the only recognized certificate of competency in the United States. This country, in the opinion of the *Chicago Times*, "should certainly have a national veterinary certificate of standard qualification equal to that of Royal Veterinary college of England, if possible, to put a stop to the numerous short term veterinary colleges springing up all over the country and turning out veterinary graduates in twelve to fifteen months with elegant sheep skins. Farmer boys may learn enough in a few months to greatly benefit them with the farm stock, but the professional veterinarian cannot learn enough to practice successfully, intelligently, and skillfully with such a short course, but should follow it up with a college of greater attainments."

The announcement that a new steamship line, consisting of six first-class vessels, is to be put in operation between Liverpool and Newport News, Va., will awaken new interest in the progress and prospects of what, in the natural order of events, must some day become one of the most important commercial points on the Atlantic seaboard. The capital of the enterprise is understood to be furnished jointly by English and American investors, with a majority of the stock in the hands of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and it is altogether probable that in the event of success, which seems well assured, the additional ships of the line will be built at Newport News instead of abroad. The line, to all practical intent and purposes, will be an extension of the Chesapeake & Ohio system, furnishing the water way to Liverpool for the vast amount of freight, especially of Western produce, which is destined to move in this direction.

THE Johnstown disaster is to be brought before the courts again, a suit having been entered against the South Fork Fishing Club to recover \$25,000 damages for injuries caused to a woman, now resident in Ohio. The South Fork Fishing Club was the owner of the small lake which burst its barriers on May 31, 1889, and caused such frightful damage in the valley below. Its responsibility has never been fully passed upon, but this suit, which is brought in the United States courts, will, it is believed, determine this disputed point. If the club should be held liable in this case, the probabilities are that a large number of other suits against it would follow.

REPRESENTATIVE DURNOW, of Illinois, has introduced a measure for the benefit of Americans in general and bicycle riders in particular. The movement to establish a department of roads with a separate Cabinet office at its head having ceased to move, Mr. Durnow proposes a Bureau of Roads, to be under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. It shall be the duty of this Bureau to collect information, to investigate road making machinery, to collate and codify the road laws of the various States, from them all to prepare a general law and present it to the Legislature for passage. Secretary Rush and Assistant Willets heartily favor the proposed law.

THE choice of Bishop Phillips Brooks as inaugural orator are exciting much favorable comment in Boston. "If the world," he says, "in the great march of the universe is going to be richer for the development of a certain national character built up by a larger type of manhood here, then for the world's sake, let this cause of theirs have millions that

A MAN in Walla Walla who sand-bagged a policeman into insensibility was recommended to mercy by the jury, which could not help but convict him, because he was under the influence of liquor at the time, and "claims that he did not know what he was doing in consequence." In some Eastern communities, where there is not so much glad freedom in the air, observes the New York Sun, the possession even of a sand-bag is not likely to recommend an individual to any especial merciful consideration.

Are Winters Colder?

It is often asked, regarding the seasons, whether they alter from year to year, whether there is a positive change in climate from century to century.

The general opinion seems to be that the springs and summers are cooler than they once were, and that the winters are less cold.

The records of thermometrical observations show that the temperature of the month of May is diminishing, but that the temperature of the year, taken together, rather tends to increase.

Taking into consideration a period of fifty or sixty or more years, there has been observed an actual diminution of the mean temperature in the climate of France. But observing a longer period—comparing, for example, the earliest centuries of French history with the present time—no sensible difference of the season can be established.

For example, the Roman Emperor Julia was very fond of living at Paris, and about A. D. 360 he made several long sojourns in that city. In his *Misopogon* he relates that he was greatly surprised one fine morning to see the Seine stopped in its course and its waters changed into blocks of marble.

So we see that there were at that time, as well as to-day, winters severe enough to freeze the rivers, and that the climate has not changed much if any.

Perhaps the men of the present time have a more sensitive epidermis than had their hardy ancestors.—[New York Press.

Dr. E. A. Groux, surgeon of the Twenty-eighth New York Regiment, who died in 1878, was, during his life, the most wonderful living malformation. The surgeons regarded him with special interest because, having been born without a sternum—the sternum is the flat bone in the middle of the breast—he could control or suppress all the pulsations of the heart. The post-mortem examination was made by Professors Dalton, Welsher, Daring and Hilcher of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and Long Island College and Doctors Riedel, Brady, Hesse, Jewett, Schlitz, Baker, de Loag, Fuhs and others, and was performed at Williamsburg, N. Y.

The examination showed a deficiency of breast bone, and a congenital fissure of the sternum, forked in shape, running up between the second and third ribs to the left of the median line. Before his death there was a dispute among the faculty whether the outward indications of pulsations were caused by the aorta or right ventricle; the examination proved conclusively that they were caused by the right ventricle. There is said to be only one other case of similar malformation known and reported in the medical books—that of a Mr. Thompson of England, who, by way of diversion, often stopped his heart from beating for a full two minutes!—(St. Louis Republic.

Kempen, a town in Holland on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas a Kempis), is a favorite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire the town officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll, it voted to double the number of gates.

This same council also ordered the sun-dial to be taken from the courthouse common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of all the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to *hoist a cow up and let her eat it!*—[Harper's Young People.

W. C. Cooper tells us the following story of his journalistic perils. He says: I had several narrow escapes from violent death while engineering an afternoon paper in Texas. My foreman once got the suicide of a prominent citizen mixed up with a description of a new automobile, and the result was appalling. Friends of the deceased insisted on shooting first and listening to explanations afterwards.

At another time he got a head intended for a double hanging over a swell wedding. It read as follows: 'Toughs turned off. A well-mated pair of brutes recently executed.' *—*

Some Points Picked Up in the Workshop of a Taxidermist.

Nearly all the women are now wearing little bows made of whole mink or sable skins, and it will probably be a surprise to many to learn that in the best houses the little gleaming teeth are carefully cut out in ivory by hand. For the more expensive skins, even those of lions and tigers, intended for rugs, the teeth were generally of porcelain. Mr. Waremboth, a young taxidermist who came here from London a couple of years ago, thought there were people willing to pay for having the heads of such skins made more lifelike. He made studies of the heads of animals, then plaster casts, from which could be taken papier mache forms to insert into the skins. Then he added the real ivory teeth. He applied the same principle to smaller skins, and it "caught on" with the furriers.

"All the mink's heads you see on women's necks," he remarked, in his workshop, "are narrow-pointed, and nothing like the animal when alive. See this cast made of one, and see this skin I have in pickle."

He took out a dripping object which would have made any woman shudder and vow never to permit such a thing to touch her neck. He showed another, however, when the skin of the beautiful little animal was finished, and its gleaming white teeth and sparkling eyes were as lifelike as they could be made. These skins, he said, were in great demand, and would soon begin to bring much higher figures.

On the floor lay the skin of a white bear, whose enormous head measured seventeen inches from the snout to the bump of rapacity. The cast for this head had been made from studies at Central Park.

But the young taxidermist wanted to talk of something else. He had invented something. He had invented snow. Snow? Yes, snow; so like natural that you could not tell the difference. He had obtained a contract to make this snow for the arctic exhibition the Government is to make at the World's Fair. He spoke of it with great enthusiasm.

In another room was a specimen of the artificial snow. What it was made of was his secret. If it had been put on ice it would have fooled any one. It was just as soft to the touch and just as penetrable to the light as snow just fallen. On the top lay a big red fox, his eyes gleaming at a ptarmigan sheltered in a tiny cavern almost beneath him. This was the kind of snow, said Mr. Warem-bath, seen in these latitudes. Arctic snow was denser. He had traveled all over Russia and other countries, and had studied the various tints and textures of snows. The exhibit at Chicago would be forty feet square and would have figures of dogs, animals and men. He was also making a Russian scene for an exhibit of his own, the sketch of which showed a team of three horses attacked by a pack of wolves.—New York Advertiser.

Vivid Description of the Russian Retreat from Sebastopol.

I went back to my uneasy couch, about two o'clock, but I was speedily aroused by an awful explosion. I hastened to my look-out post again. The flames were spreading all over the city. It was an ocean of fire. At 4 a. m. the camps, from sea to valley, were aroused by an awful shock—the destruction of some great magazine behind the Redan. In quick succession one, two, three, four explosions followed. At 4.45 a. m. the magazines of the Flagstaff Bastion and Garden Batteries exploded. The very earth trembled at each outburst, but at 5.30 a. m., when the whole of the huge stone fortresses, the Quarantine and Alexander, were hurled into the air almost simultaneously with appalling roars, and the sky was all reddened by the incandescent flashes of the bursting shell, the boldest held their breath and gazed in awe-struck wonder. It was broad day. The Russian fleet was gone, the last of their men-of-war was at the bottom—only the steamers were active, towing boats and moving from place to place on mysterious errands. Thirty-five magazines all were blown up, and through all the night of the 8th and the morning of September 9th the Russians were marching out of the south side. We could see the bridge covered with them still. At 6.45 a. m., the last body of infantry crossed the bridge and mounted the opposite bank. Yes, the south side was left to the possession of the Allies at last! Sebastopol, the city, the docks, and the arsenal, was ours. In half an hour more the end of the bridge itself was floated away by some invisible agency from the south side, and in less than an hour the several portions of it were collected at the further side of the roadstead. Meantime the fires, fed by small explosions, spread till the town seemed like one great furnace vomiting out columns of velvety black smoke to heaven. Soon after 7 o'clock columns of smoke began to ascend from Fort Paul. In a minute or two more flames were seen breaking out in Fort Nicholas. The first exploded with a stupendous roar later in the day; the mines under the latter did not take fire.

The French are renowned for their products in perfumery as well as for those in the lines of silk and wines.

The names of Lubin, of Piver, and of Guerlain are famed throughout the habitable globe for their preparation of delicate odors in an infinite variety of forms. Yet they have never been able to create any perfume that will cope with two of the staple scents of commerce—the Eau-de-Cologne water of Germany and the English lavender water.—(Yankee Blade.)

Strasbourg Cathedral is being restored. Happily the venerable structure is in good hands, for the royal commission supervising the operations will not shirk any modern architect's results, but insists on the original work being copied in its minutest details. For example, the grotesque figures of animals on surrounding the base are being copied exactly. *—The Architect.*